Ex Some Author's

MY COMPLIMENTS TO THE KING and ROYAL FAMILY UPON HIS MAJESTY's BIRTH-DAY,

November 10, 1755.

by Mr. John painter, of Oxford sometime of St. Johns College Oxon

[redacted] Letters in favour of Lord Lovat as published in y^e London magazine in 1747. were as follows & were
10 D for a Guinea as being so very extraordinary.
That to his majesty concluded with y^e following petition
In one word, let Lovat live; punish y^e vile
Traitor with Life: but let me die; let me lose down
my Head to y^e Block, & receive without fear that
friendly Blow, which I verily believe will only separ
y^e Soul from its Body & Miseries together.

In y^e

In that to Lord Chesterfield he says, now
y.t Honour I have to ask of his Majesty & your
Lordship being a contradiction to no mans preferm.t
may be enjoyed I believe w.th out a Rival & is no
more than this: to wit that Lovat & his Family
may be freely pardond y.t high Crime of Rebellion
of w.ch his Lordship stands at length convicted; & for
w.ch y.e Traitor is most justly sentenced to die; & y.t my
Head may be struck off, as a full satisfaction for
his Lordships Guilt. This I will be bold to say, I will
not disgrace your Patronage by a want of Intrepidity
in y.e Hour of death, & y.t all y.e Devils in Milton, w.th
all y.e ghastly Ghosts of Scotsmen y.t fell at Culloden,
if they c.d be conjured there, c.d never move me to
say to any Friend coming upon y.e Scaffold, Sir —
this is terrible.

That to Henry Pelham Esq.r is as follows.

Sir Believing you to be one of y.e most generous
men alive, & ever ready to do Acts of y.e tenderest
Greatness, as you are truly Great: I am therefore
encouraged to apply to you to do me a small
service at Court. you may y.e more easily do me
this Service because y.e Post I want is not of y.e same
nature w.th other Court Preferments, for w.ch there is
gen.ly a multitude of Competitors, but may be enjoyd
without a Rival, will you then refuse to make me
truly happy? Is it such a mighty favour to give
me what you cannot give to any other man? for
no other man in y.e Nation will I believe accept
it from your Hands. Do then be persuaded, let me
persuade you Sir to intercede w.th y.e King in my
behalf, y.t Lovat may be pardond, & y.t I may have
y.e Honour of being beheaded on y.e Scaffold in his
Lordships Stead; my Pretensions to ask this favour
you may see in my Letter to y.e King.
I am w.th my Hat under my Arm & a very low Bow
Sir your most devoted most Obed.t & most
Humble Servt John Painter.

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MY COMPLIMENTS

TO THE

K George II. King

KING and ROYAL FAMILY

UPON HIS

MAJESTY's BIRTH-DAY,

November 10, 1755.

LONDON:

Printed in the YEAR MDCCLVI.

MY COMPLIMENTS TO THE KING and ROYAL FAMILY UPON HIS MAJESTY's BIRTH-DAY,

November 10, 1755.

LET all be hush'd, whilst I with Rapture sing.
Hear me, O hear me! Venerable King:
Whilst I, in Song of wildest Melody,
Pour forth the Praises of your Majesty:
Spread the fair Glories that around you shine;
And call up ev'ry Star that makes you mine!

God---in Religion---Let him be your Guide:
The Droſs melt down; to be by him ſupply'd.
Fraud in Religion arms the Devil's Book,
To State-trick much and a whole People rook.
The Maſk torn off, true Piety appears:
And Reaſon leads whole Nations by the Ears.
O Juſtice, Attribute divine in Man!
Kings become Gods, who aid it all they can:
Who will no Act, no Publick Law enforce;
Till God ſends down from Heav'n---My King, indorſe.
To rigid Juſtice, Mercy lends her Ear;
And what the Law denies, the King will hear.
Let *Oudenarda*'s Field your Courage tell!
Who look'd ſo Martial, or who fought ſo well?
Who charged the Foe with greater Fire, or Force?
Who felt unmov'd, the trembling, falling Horſe?
Sound, ſound, O Fame! thy Trumpet loud and true;
All, all this Blaze to my King *GEORGE* is due.
In early Life ſuch Deeds in Arms were done,
As prove you able to defend the Throne.
Riſe, Muſe, to higheſt Argument; yet bring
The higheſt Glory to th' all-glorious King.

See him, now worn with Years, remount agen,
And God-like Wonder do at *Dettingen*.
This Place to lateſt Times ſhall ſtand, and ſhew
Your matchleſs Valour, Sir, and Wiſdom too.
Where *Granville* then, as now, conſpicuous mov'd;
Mov'd Heav'n and Earth, to prove how well he lov'd.
Thro' the thick Fire, how ſafe (not ſafe before)
Headed by you, your Men and Arms you bore.
Thro' Fire and Smoke, ſo calm you made Retreat,
Angels look'd down, and ſaid, Well, this is great.
Your Temperance, Sir, what need have I to tell?
Long Life, and perfect Senſes, prove it well;
Or Patience, that enables you to wear
An earthly, while a heav'nly Crown's your Care.
Brave, hearty Prince, at Threeſcore Years and Ten,
Defying Winds and Waves, you arm agen;
On the rough Ocean boldly venture over,
Toſs'd and re-toſs'd, to viſit *Hanover*.
Our publick and our private Pray'rs we give;
Teaze Heav'n to ſave you, ſtill to reign and live.
Thy modeſt Habit, and thy humble State,
The Look celeſtial, and eaſy Gait,

Declare the inward Structure of the Mind,
And prove thee not to Pride or Vice inclin'd:
Pride was not made for Kings. In Thee I ſpy
But univerſal Love and Charity:
The Source, whence Bounty ſprings---ſuch Kings ſhould be.
Such Kings, like Heav'n, alone diſpenſe it free.
O! how I wiſh your Majeſty would deign
To hear me beg; nor let me beg in vain:
The Sick ſhould be reliev'd; in *Oxford* ſtand
An Hoſpital, rais'd by your lib'ral Hand.
Oxford ſo fair, and once the Joy of Kings,
Once more ſhould taſte what Sovereign Favour brings.
The Touch more hallow'd than the Palm of Prieſts,
Or *Ave-Mary's* of Right Reverend Cheats,
Who, under Heav'n's own Canopy, deny
God, but, indeed, the Devil deify.
I've done my Duty, Sir, ſo to relate,
So wiſh; when I your Glory celebrate:
Yours Sir, that ſhines ſo ſtrong within your Court;
And, by your Leave now, thither I'll reſort;
Where without Virtue ev'ry Joy is loſt;
Stars, Titles, Ribbons---all---an empty Boaſt.

O charming!

O charming! O divine! What Ecſtacy!
Thus to behold the Royal Family;
See the Grand Preſence in the Circle move;
Whilſt all around is Joy, and Peace, and Love!
But ſee, which Way does the Grand Preſence walk!
Say next with whom the King is pleas'd to talk.
Ha! with what Goddeſs-like Demeanour ſeen,
And Lowlineſs, majeſtic like a Queen!
To meet whoſe Smiles the God-like Hero walks;
And firſt with *Yarmouth* pleaſantly he talks:
Who yields, with Grace ſuperior, all her Charms;
The Dow'ger Princeſs coming to his Arms.
With the whole Majeſty of Heav'n ſhe moves,
Penſive in Thought. She ſmiles, ſhe joys, ſhe loves.
She loves; but not as erſt when *Frederick*,
Her Joy, her Life, her All, impreſs'd her Lip:
Sooth'd her with Blandiſhment; would fawn and play
Around her Neck, or on her Boſom lay.
That Neck, that Boſom, Jewels ſtill adorn,
But, ah! his Hand, the living Jewel, 's gone.
The King ſuſtains her Loſs, and well he can:
Heav'n leaves the Guardian, when it takes a Man.

My

My dear *Amelia* gladdens now my Eye,
Joy revels in my Heart while ſhe is by:
With Drops of Sweetneſs hung her Viſage glows,
Enrich'd with Joys, ſtill ſparkling as ſhe goes;
The King's own Coin, all-glorious to behold,
Clad o'er with Radiance heav'nly as with Gold:
The King with Tenderneſs hangs o'er his own
Dear Child, and owns his Likeneſs thither flown.
So rich a Proſpect, and ſo ſoft a Scene,
Not above once a Twelvemonth ſhould be ſeen.
Yet, in the Royal Feaſt, one Joy I miſs,
Thy Abſence, *Caroline*, invades the Bliſs;
Thy Health, ill-fated Princeſs, robs my Hope,
And bids me what I long to ſee revoke.
See, ſee! who yonder ſtands! a God in Port;
His Head with Laurels crown'd, a ſpotleſs Sort;
Not ſuch as *Cæſar* wore; who, cool in Thought,
To ruin, not to ſave his Country, fought:
Such as on *Marlb'rough*'s Brows unſully'd ſhone,
For God-like Deeds, and glorious Battles won,
And ſhot a Luſtre down thro' all his Race to come.

Nobleſt

Nobleſt Preheminence is *William*'s due,
His Country's Pillar, and his Father's too.
The King recalls---*Culloden* ſtands confeſt---
The Duke's full Glory opening to his Breaſt,
With open Arms the Hero *George* receives,
And owns his own great Soul in *Will'am* lives.
Cloſe ſtanding by his Side a princely Boy
Invites my Eye, and fills my Heart with Joy:
Climbling ſo faſt to Manhood, lo! a Tree,
A blooming Tree, ſprung from a Twig I ſee.
The modeſt Youth adorn'd with many a Grace,
But the moſt fair the Bluſh upon his Face:
Beſt Pledge of virtuous Fruit; it bloſſoms ſo,
Buds, and at laſt does to Perfection grow.
Grow on in ev'ry Virtue, grow and ſhine,
But make the Patriot Virtue wholly thine.
Your Father, Grandſire, Uncle, ſtudy well;
The Court, the Town, the Country wiſely ſpell.
Learn how, before you are, to be a King:
Beware of Party---Union is the Thing---
Glory and Happineſs from Union flow,
Diviſion ſoon or late brings Shame and Woe.

Learn

Learn to inlift the Heads, the Hearts, the Hands,
Of a whole People to your great Commands.
But why do I ſo moralize and preach,
When you have thoſe much better ſkill'd to teach?
The Prince of *Wales*, I hope, will me forgive,
When thus I write, and wiſh him thus to live.
Full on Prince *Edward* now I throw my Eyes,
And view the manly Boy with vaſt Suprize:
I view, and ſee him coming on apace,
To march the Road of his illuſtrious Race.
His open Look, and Carriage bold and brave,
Tell me, he'll neither be, nor make a Slave.
Well done, brave Boy, King *Edward* ſet before thee;
Mark all the Deeds in his moſt noble Story:
Read and remember our own Hiſtories
Of Reigns, or good or bad the Witneſſes.
Next ſee, with Look of ſweeteſt Innocence,
A Virgin Beauty, fair without Pretence:
Thy Charms ſo rare! ſo fine! ſo delicate!
Hard Taſk! thy Form, *Auguſta*, to relate.
The ruddy Rills change Colour; changing quite
From Red to Blue to variegate the White.

Thro'

Thro' thy fine Skin how blue the Veins appear,
The Rills glide down the Milky-Way ſo clear
Of thy bare Boſom, ſave what Diamonds hide,
The ſparkling Diamonds under which they glide!
What Pen can write, what Pencil paint, or tell
What Tongue of Man, the wanton Loves that dwell
In all thy Charms, and ſport and revel there!
A Sight ſo rich, what Fleſh and Blood can bear?
Thy fine Complexion glows with living Fires,
Thy rolling Eyes call up our young Deſires.
To meet the Touch how kind thy Boſom ſwells,
The Touch forbid the am'rous Boy repels:
Thy Coral Lips invite to Kiſſes ſweet,
O'er-joy'd the Bluſhes on thy Cheeks to meet:
Thy lovely Hair, or plaited, or in Curls,
Hung looſely down thy Shoulders, Joy unfurls:
Thy ſlender Waiſt ſo delicately round,
Fit for a King to claſp, or *Jove* to hold.
As you, ſweet Nymph, thro' graceful Motion ſeen,
Are well deſerving to commence a Queen---
Beſides, a Group of Beauties ſnatch my Eye,
My Heart I ſcarce can hold as they draw nigh;

A *Venus* each; what Looks! what Breaſts! what Eyes!
Snatch me, my God, from Court, pray take me to the Skies.
How long can I be Lord of my Deſires,
When ſo ſurrounded by ten Thouſand Fires?
The King ſurveys the Virtue ev'ry where:
And this, 'tis juſt to own I valu'd there;
That e'en at Court I pleaded Virtue's Weight;
The Monarch ſmil'd, and bid his Lords be great:
Said Ribbons, Titles, Stars, were empty Things,
Without the ſolid Joy that Virtue brings.
No Diſappointment breaks the Patriot Breaſt;
It feels, it knows, it loves, and is at reſt.
So charming, ſo divine, ſelf-raviſhing,
Virtue gives all in all, is ev'ry Thing,
Sir, of your meaneſt Subject makes a King.
The Angel paus'd; yet, in the Royal Ear
So charming left his Voice, that ſtill to hear
A while the Preſence ſat, and thought he ſpoke,
When the God roſe and awful Silence broke---

My Dear, who ſtands thy Friend? The King ſaid, I.
Who'll ſpeak for thee? how quick did I reply:

The Houſe of Lords, and Commons, Sir, I hope.
Be plain, be ſerious; thus you ſeem to joke.
Who knows thee? Tell me ſtrait---Then ſtrait I brought
A *Granville*, *Pelham*, *Marlb'rough*, to his Thought.

FINIS.